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practice of *British* landlords), and lend Johnny a sum sufficient for the purchase of every thing necessary to give him a good start, charging him only five per cent on the advances. Mr B., who in riding over his property often "went by the field of the slothful," which "was all grown over with thorns and nettles that covered the face of it, and the stone wall whereof was broken down," wished to render Johnny an exemplar of superior management to other tenants.

I shall not trouble the reader with all the details of Johnny's management during the two last years, but shall very briefly notice those particulars of husbandry which are new to my countrymen of the same class. He has not subdivided the field, nor does he intend to do so, as he values every foot of it too much for such waste. He does not keep a horse, nor will he do so, unless his holding be increased; but he keeps a donkey and a well-constructed cart. As yet he has no cow, not having his land in sufficiently clean order for laying down any part of it with grasses; but he has two yards full of pigs, which he keeps for the sake of the rich manure they supply. I do not advocate his system altogether, but merely relate the most striking features of it. His pig-yards are very commodious, and well arranged for weaning, fattening, &c; and his stock now consists of a sow with ten young ones in one yard, and six store pigs in another. These are in fine condition—fed on vetches, rye (of which the grain is now, July 20, ripe), and wash, consisting of pollards and water; their food next week, and for some time after, will be beans, ripe and unripe, according to their successive stages. These pigs are now ten months old, and have never been outside their yard, nor do they seem to be (compared with pigs of the same age which have had the run of the common) injured by confinement. Being always highly littered in the yard, having the sleeping chamber kept perfectly clean, and being abundantly fed, they sport about the straw, and seem quite contented. But without such care and comfort young swine will certainly not thrive in imprisonment.

Johnny will fatten up these pigs in October for sale in November, with barley-meal, pollards, toppings, and potatoes; and judging from his success last year under similar circumstances, they will weigh (at the age of fourteen months) nearly two cwt. each. He does not intend to sell any of his ten young ones until they shall have been fattened in the same way; but their mother will be put up as soon as possible after they shall be weaned. He does not expect to realize any ready money by rearing and fattening them; when sold, his stock will merely pay for their keep—he considers the large quantity of valuable manure a sufficient return.

He has hired a labourer to work with him, and will incur but little expense for horse-labour, as he and his assistant together are able to dig an acre very deeply in ten days; and he considers one such digging equal to three light ploughings; and from his experience of the last year, he is of opinion that spade-husbandry is far cheaper than that which is effected by the plough. As he reaps his vetches and rye for the pigs, he cuts out the stubbles with a bean-hoe for litter; and for the perfect cleansing of the ground before he digs it up, he collects the stubbles and clears them from earth with a little harrow drawn by the ass, and will pursue the same plan with all his stubbles. Last year he cut and bound half an acre of wheat himself with a fagging-book, which I have described in my *Cyclopædia*, in one day; and he and his labourer intend to cut down an acre this year in the same way.

I could enumerate many other particulars of this man's excellent husbandry—such as burning the clay of headlands for manuring his turnip-crop and cabbage seedling beds—but I fear to be tedious, and therefore shall only add, that Johnny Halfacre is a true exemplification of the sacred proverb, that "the soul of the diligent shall be made fat." He is always diligent (not only in seed-time and harvest, but all the year round), but never so busy with his field or garden crops as to choke the seed of God's word in his heart, and render that unfruitful by sloth or negligence. As far as I can judge, he does not permit his worldly to supersede his eternal interests; and as he knows the value of the *present* TIME, so does he estimate aright the infinitely superior importance of that which is *future*.

IDLENESS.—The worst vices springing from the worst principles—the excesses of the libertine, and the outrages of the plunderer—usually take their rise from early and unsubdued idleness.—*Farr's Discourses on Education.*

LIFE AND ITS ILLUSIONS.

"Lean not on Earth—'twill pierce thee to the heart—
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear,
On whose sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires."

YOUNG.

We are but Shadows! None of all those things,
Formless and vague, that flit upon the wings
Of wild Imagination round thy couch,
When Slumber seals thine eyes, is clothed with such
An unreality as Human Life,
Cherished and clung to as it is; the fear,
The thrilling hope, the agonizing strife,
Are not more unavailing there than here.
To him who reads what Nature would pourtray,
What speaks the night? A comment on the day.
Day dies—Night lives—and, as in dumb derision,
Mocks the past phantom with her own vain vision!

Man shuts the Volume of the Past for aye—
A blind slave to the all-absorbing Present,
He courts debasement, and from day to day
His wheel of toil revolves, revolves incessant;
And well may earth-directed zeal be blighted!
And well may Time laugh selfish hopes to scorn!
He lives in vain whose reckless years have slighted
The humbling truth which Penitence and grey
Hairs teach the Wise, that such cold hopes are born
Only to dupe and to be thus required!
How many such there be!—in whom the thorn
Which Disappointment plants festers in vain,
Save as the instrument of sleepless pain—
Who bear about with them the burning feeling
And fire of that intolerable word
Which, inly searching, pierceth, like a sword,
The breast whose wounds thenceforward know no healing!

Behold the overteeming globe! Its millions
Bear mournful witness. Cycles, centuries roll,
That Man may madly forfeit Heaven's pavilions,
To hug his darling trammels:—Yet the soul,
The startled soul, unpounding from the mire
Of earthliness, and all alive with fears,
Unsmothered by the lethargy of years
Whose dates are blanks, at moments will inquire,
"And whither tends this wasting struggle? Hath
The living universe no loftier path
Than that we toil on ever? Must the eye
Of Hope but light a desert? Shall the high
Spirit of Enterprise be chilled and bowed
And grovel in darkness, reft of all its proud
Prerogatives? Alas! and must Man barter
The Eternal for the Perishing—but to be
The world's applauded and degraded martyr,
Unsouled, enthralled, and never to be free?"

Ancient of Days! First Cause! Adored! Unknown!
Who wert, and art, and art to come! The heart
Yearns, in its lucid moods, to Thee alone!
Thy name is Love: thy word is Truth; thou art
The fount of Happiness—the source of Glory—
Eternity is in thy hands, and Power—
Oh, from that sphere unrecognised by our
Slow souls, look down upon a world which, hoary
In Evil and in Error though it be,
Retains even yet some trace of that primeval
Beauty that bloomed upon its brow ere Evil
And Error wiled it from Thy Love and Thee!
Look down, and if, while human brows are brightening
In godless triumph, angel eyes be weeping,
Publish thy will in syllables of lightning
And sentences of thunder to the Sleeping!
Look down, and renovate the waning name
Of Goodness, and relume the waning light
Of Truth and Purity!—that all may aim
At one imperishable crown—the bright
Guerdon which they who by untired and holy
Exertion overcome the world, inherit—
The Self-denying, the Peaceable, the Lowly,
The truly Merciful, the Poor in spirit!

So shall the end of thine all-perfect plan
At length be realised in erring Man.